

The Happy Husband.

Tune ——— *Tweed-Side.*

HOW fresh does the morning appear;
The music how sweet from the grove;
O! how happy the swain that is clear
From the pains of unsatisfy'd Love.
No slumber these eyes ever knew,
Whilst Phœbe remain'd unpossess'd;
From friends and companions I flew,
A stranger to friendship and rest.

My sheep, by their shepherd forsook,
Lay pent in their fold 'til mid-day;
Whilst I, by the side of a brook,
Would complain the sad hours away.
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Whose sweetness perfum'd the soft air,
A joy to my senses could yield,
Unless the lov'd Phœbe was there.

Alas! silly swain, how I burn'd;
Sure passion like mine ne'er appear'd;
When absent, her absence I mourn'd:
When present, her absence I fear'd.
But now this contention is o'er,
Since Phœbe to me has prov'd kind;
I sigh and I languish no more,
But contentment in ev'ry thing find.

Great joy in her presence I have,
But her absence now breaks not my rest;
For, with her dear person, she gave
Me her heart to lock up in my breast.
O! how chearful my flocks now I guide,
At noon, where to taste the fresh streams;
Whilst I sing to the tune of Tweed-side,
On the pleasanter banks of the Thames.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.